

KANSAS CITY, MO

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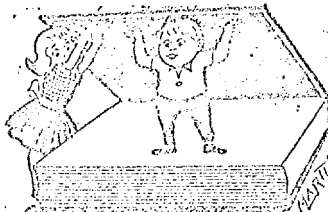
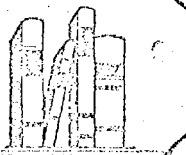
Approved For Release 2004/11/01 : CIA-RDP88-01350R000200400039-8

Robert K. Jr.  
Marchetti, Victor

P-Henderson, James  
P-Dengler, Arnold

Soc. 4.01.2 Copperhead  
1 The Rope Dancer

## Books in Brief



**COPPERHEAD**, by James Henderson (Knopf; \$5.95). If it's action you want, what is better--and more suspenseful--than life at the top in an intelligence outfit? "Copperhead" has somehow missed bestsellerdom, and that is strange for it came out last April when biological warfare was much in the news. This is a novel to excite the imagination. Suppose a foreign power should send carriers of a plague into North America, each carrier able to keep himself or herself immune to the disease but able to contaminate thousands of others by mingling with crowds. Impossible? Continuing supposition, is it not strange that China was not afflicted by the Asian flu epidemic a few years ago? Could that have been a test? In this novel Canada's intelligence services discovers the first carrier in a mysterious murder. Under top secrecy, the U.S., England and Interpol join in a search for other carriers. National rivalries enter the story for, no matter that the three countries are united, their own security systems are in conflict. It's a tough touch-and-go thing. English and Canadian intelligence agencies (barely friends) have to keep U.S. agencies from spurring a "preventive atomic strike" against the U.S.S.R.--happily, for they finally learn that the Soviet Union also is a target of the plague carriers. The narrator is a bumbling Everyman, a hardworking little James Bond who goof's as many assignments as he carries out, who kills with no joy and perhaps unnecessarily, and even works inadvertently with his own country's enemies and sometimes feils his own country's friends, but in the end is a bewildered hero. That is what is good about this novel. Big-time spy folk are shown not always to be wise in the villainy their work demands. And, warning to squeamish readers, one torture scene is almost unbearable. --Arnold Dengler

**THE ROPE DANCER**, by Victor Marchetti, Grosset & Dunlap; \$6.95). Don't expect an expose of the CIA, its real faults and guilts in this spy melodrama whose author is identified as an ex-CIA agent. It is about Paul Franklin, a high-placed assistant intelligence bureaucrat who carries a .38 under his coat and a chip on his shoulder. He works in an organization which has fallen into the hands of sinister leaders who spend their time trying to destroy each other or the U.S. Faced with such corruption, what does our hero do? He begins stealing and selling intelligence reports to the Hungarians, and later to the Russians. Strange what motivates spies. Paul sometimes shoots at people, but mostly he goes to restaurants and bars. He also plays the suburban father and husband role, and later--when he gets cozy enough with the Russians--he flies off to Berlin and Moscow to be lauded by his secret employers and to bed down with Red women. But the novel does not go very deep into the business of espionage, nor does it offer a glimpse of the soul of the CIA, nor does it give any genuine portrayal of the real hopes and aspirations of the

persons who are the Agency.  
--Bob Hoyt (ex-CIA agent).

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